

## **Happiness Is Beautiful** by Kirisume

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Supernatural

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Nancy W., OC, Steve H.

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-02-21 18:46:37

**Updated:** 2018-02-21 18:46:37

**Packaged:** 2019-12-17 00:45:33

**Rating:** T

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,362

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** A one shot of a girl who hates her life until she stumbles into the Upside Down and falls in love with how the new world looks. Sadly, it may very well be the last thing she sees. Warning: contains profanity, abuse and bullying.

## Happiness Is Beautiful

A/N: Hey guys, just a small one shot for something that I was thinking about doing for a while now. I got the idea for this while watching the show and thinking that the Upside Down was quite beautiful in it's own unique way, even though it was described to be decayed, dark and ugly. Enjoy!

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It was another typical day. I woke up to the harsh sunlight burning my eyelids and forcing me to open them. 7:30 AM. My mother and father arguing over something petty and pointless downstairs yet again. Me trying desperately to still find a sense of fashion even at the age of seventeen. I put on a pale red hoodie with a white tank top underneath and some faded blue skinny jeans as well as my signature lace up tall black boots. I didn't really care if it looked nice, I just wanted to feel comfortable. I made my way downstairs and went into the kitchen where my family was. My parents were still in the heat of argument, as usual. I tried my hardest to tune them out even though I could tell from the way they were arguing that my father was annoyed at my mother over something small she had done. If this was a few years ago, I would have stepped in to defend my mother from the argument, but over time and experiences with doing so I had learned to avoid doing actions such as that. I moved a hand to my face and felt my left cheek as I thought over those past experiences.

I sat down at the table and ate a small portion of the cereal that had been left on the table for me to eat. The taste was stale and overly crunchy, like it had been left out for too long or was a month out of date. I checked the cereals expire date on the top of its box. The date was today. *'That probably explains it.'* I thought to myself. Suddenly I was snapped out of my quiet bubble as my father changed his focus from my mother to me instead.

"What? Is the food not good enough for you? Well sorry but it's all we've got because of this fucking war! So either shut up and eat or go without!" Yelled my father starting to walk toward me at the table I was sitting at.

"Leave her alone!" My mother screamed at him as he stopped moving toward me and snapped his head around before yelling at my mother "Shut up you bitch!"

A loud smack echoed throughout the house as he backhanded her, my mother falling to the floor as a result, clutching her face in complete fear of the man she once loved.

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7:45 AM. I left my house and started walking to my high school. It wasn't too far away and was in walking distance from my house so I usually walked every day. As I walked along the cold stone path my thoughts started to wonder. I thought of being happy again, of being normal, having a safe family and school life. My eyes then looked over to the patches of grass that continued along with the path next to it. Pure white snow clusters forming small piles of snow on the grass and slightly on the stone path. It wasn't unusual for snow around this time of year, after all it was Winter.

After almost an hour of walking I had finally made it to my high school. Out of every place in the world I would wish to never see, hear, or think of again it would be this place. This ugly disgusting building called a school. It wasn't ugly or disgusting due to its appearance, it was actually quite nice in that aspect. What I mean by that is that while the building is lovely and well presented the people on the inside are ugly and disgusting. The people on the inside make up the school so therefore the school is ugly and disgusting, simple. I just sigh as I walk inside, opening the glass front doors.

There were people doing all sorts of things, texting, talking, laughing, but as soon as they saw me they simply stopped and just glared at me. I sigh as I tilt my head down and look to the tiled floor of the main hallway and make my way to my locker. I reached my destination and quickly took out the items that I needed. 8:45 AM. Suddenly, the bell rang, making me jump slightly. A few passing boys snickered at my reaction. I lowered my head, avoiding in response.

11:00 AM. The first few classes were pretty boring. *'English and History, one about words and one about dead people, fun.'* I thought as I went to change my books at my locker again for my next two classes

after the break. I sighed as I went to close my locker only to have Steve, the school bad boy, slam it shut.

"What's up freak?" Steve smirked as he insulted me to my face. His friends cracked up behind him, laughing at me as well. Nancy was there for some reason, she used to be very good friends with me when we were in elementary school, then she ditched me for Barb and now by the looks of things she ditched Barb for Steve and his crew. Barb hadn't come to school for a few days now, I'm guessing it's because she's too sad to see Nancy with Steve right now.

"Fuck off, Steve." I spat at him as I attempted to walk past him. He grabbed my shoulder and pushed me into the wall of lockers. My body made a hard metal clunk as it came in contact with the metal. I winced in pain as Steve continued to squeeze my shoulder.

"Listen here, Amy, you little bitch. I'm sick of having to see your miserable ass face all day every day, either get over what happened or just kill yourself, you'd be doing everyone a favor." Steve said to me as he got up close in an attempt to intimidate me. However, Nancy got involved after Steve started doing this.

"Steve, stop! You'll get suspended again!" Nancy whined. I always hated her voice. It sounded so fake, like she was only pretending to care but secretly was finding the situation entertaining. '*She's disgusting and ugly.*' I thought. Steve stopped for a moment to think then released his grip on me and walked over to Nancy, wrapped an arm around her waist and they walked back to their friends. As they walked off Nancy turned her head to me and gave an apologetic look. '*Bitch.*' I thought.

Yep, that's me. Amy. The girl who lost it all. The one who went from one of the most popular girls in school to the most hated.

The bell rang again. I looked to the clock on the wall. 11:15 AM. I sighed and made my way to my next class. Yet again they classes were nothing but a bore. Geography and Science. I waited until lunch break came. It couldn't of come any later. The enter geography lesson one of Steve's friends was throwing pieces of paper into my long dark brown hair. He never stopped, no matter how many times I glared at him. Everyone else just snickered and watched my suffering in

amusement.

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01:15 PM. The bell rang indicating that science had finished and lunch had started. The teacher rambled on about finishing the work we didn't get to cover as homework for next lesson. I wasn't really listening to him, I just wanted to leave. I got up from my chair and left like everyone else. Lunch was bad. I never bring money for lunch since we're on a low budget at home. I didn't feel like showing my face to anyone so I just went to the toilets, went inside a stall, locked it and started crying. I didn't stop until the bell sounded, signalling the last two lessons. I was going to be late, I forgot the change my books. I quickly washed my face and ran for my locker. When I reached it I found that the word 'whore' had been graffiti-ed onto it in big bold letters. I sighed and opened my locker, got the things I needed and headed for class.

After being yelled at by my math teacher and having balls thrown at her the entire gym lesson I decided to cry in the girls shower room in the changing room. Everyone had left and gone home except for me. The final bell rang. 3:15 PM. I decided to numb the pain, too much happened today and it was becoming harder to cope.

I pulled my sleeve down, got a razor from a pocket in my bag and slowly began to relieve myself of my emotions. After a few minutes I looked down at the results of my actions. All I saw on my arm was crimson red liquid however it felt like all my pain and sadness was leaking out of me. After cleaning my wounds that I had self inflicted, I put everything away and headed for my locker. Suddenly, the lights flickered for a moment. It was only for a moment but I was certain that it happened. The lights then flickered again, and again, until they turned off all together.

I stood there in the dark, still as a rock. Until I heard a noise, a cracking noise. Like something was trying to get out of the walls. I looked around for a second to try and find the direction of the noise. After locating which wall the noise was coming from I faced it, too afraid to move anymore. Then what happened next shocked me.

The wall began to open. After a few moments the wall had opened a

hole of some sort. '*What the fuck?*' I thought to myself as I slowly walked towards the hole. Upon closer inspection I found a strange slime around the hole. '*Disgusting..*' I thought to myself as I cleaned my hand of the substance. I then felt someone. A breeze. A cold chilling breeze coming from the hole. '*Does it lead somewhere?*' I mentally asked myself. Curious to find out, I slowly went inside the hole.

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After emerging on the other side of the hole which turned out to be a portal of some sort, I looked around at my surroundings. I was in awe. Everything was dull and gloomy. Everything was covered in thick black vines. I looked in all directions, taking it all in. I was speechless. Everything was so, strange and mysterious. I loved it.

"This is beautiful." I said to no one but myself as I started to walk around the weird and wonderful world. I began to notice something. As I made my way out of the dark halls and outside I fell in love with this place even more. Some sort of spore was constantly raining down from the air, it looked like snow. It was amazing. I looked around, everything here seemed somewhat familiar. Then it hit me. Everything is the same, but not the same. It's a mirror image of what I would have seen as if I were to exit the same doors normally, except here everything was dark and dull with strange black vines that seemed to be alive and moving slightly from time to time.

I walked down the stairs, smiling at what I had discovered. A completely different world that was even more beautiful than the one I was originally from. However, my breakthrough of happiness was cut short. I heard a distorted, low growl. It sounded terrible. The growl came from behind me. Using all my courage, I turned around to see what had made the unearthly noise.

Coming out from the school building and standing at the top of the stairs stood a creature that I had never seen before, and probably wish I never did. The creature had no facial features besides five cracks in its head that I could only assumed open to reveal a mouth and possibly even more. The creature sniffed the air and then snapped its head straight at me, more specifically, my arm that I had relieved myself with. I stood there as I realized that it could only see

by smell. Before I could act the creature jumped at me. Before it made contact with its claw-like hands it opens up its head to reveal five petal-like flaps of flesh that was covered with razor sharp teeth. As the creature attacked me, all I saw was it clawing away at my body as I slowly fell unconscious.

To my surprise, I awoke. I couldn't move, but I was alive. I tried to move my arms and legs but nothing was responding. I then moved my head to see what was wrong with them only to find that I didn't have any limbs left. They had been torn off by something, most likely that creature. I lay there, bleeding out. Most likely going to die. I laid my head back down. I thought to myself, *'If this is how I die, then at least I was able to feel happy again.'* Then all went black.

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**A/N: Hope you enjoyed it. I had been wanting to do this little one shot for a while now, glad I was able to get it done. I probably won't add anything else to this story as it was a one shot but if people want more to it then I might reconsider. Also, I just want to state that any feelings towards characters in the show in this fic do *not* represent my personal view on these characters, Amy is just a bitter bean. Bye!**